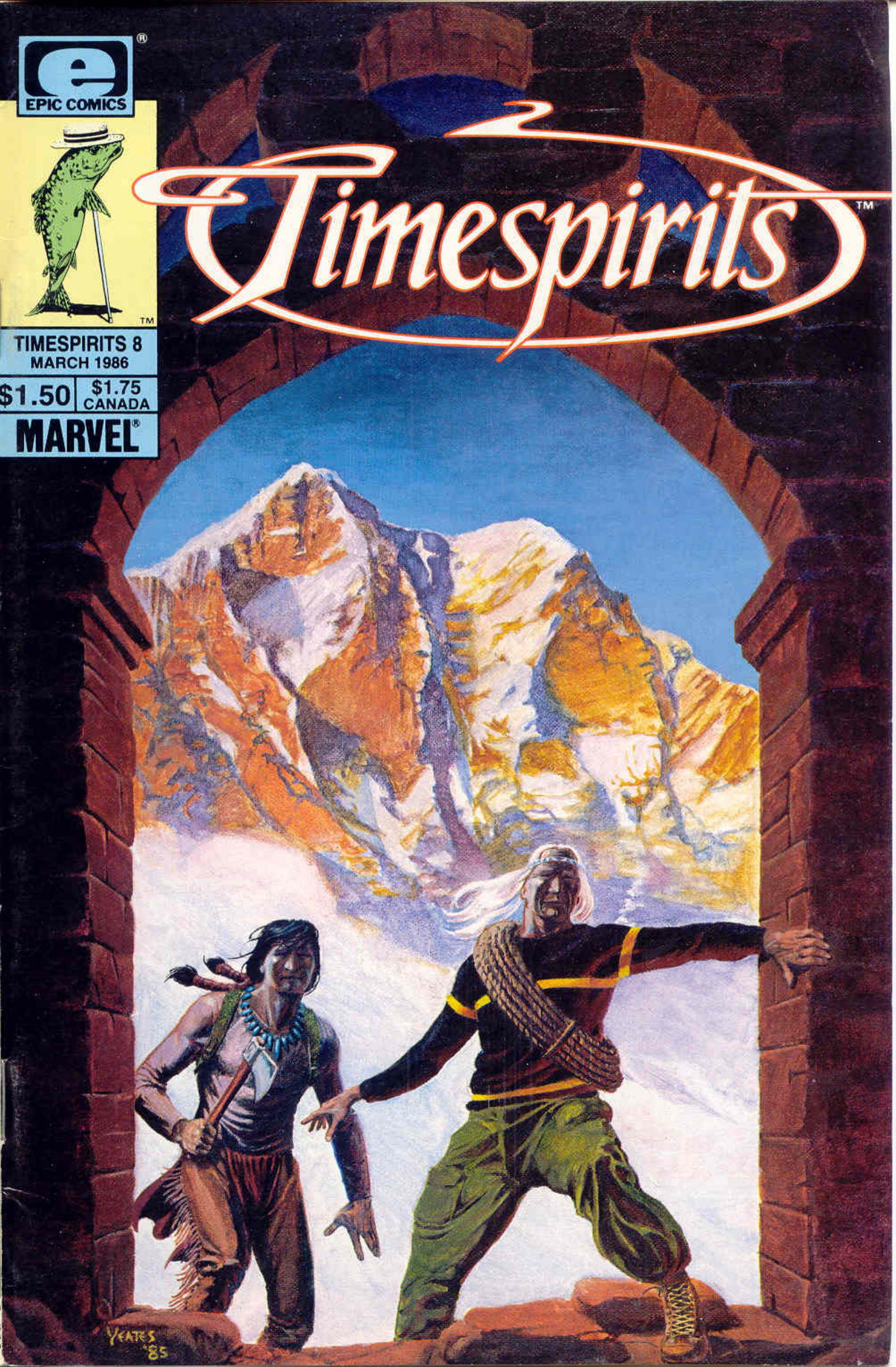

EPIC COMICS
Timespirits
TIMESPIRITS 8
MARCH 1986
$1.50
$1.75 CANADA
MARVEL
YEATES '85

co-creator / writer
STEVE PERRY

co-creator / artist
TOM YEATES

letterer
ED KING

colorist
STEVE OLIFF

EPIC COMICS

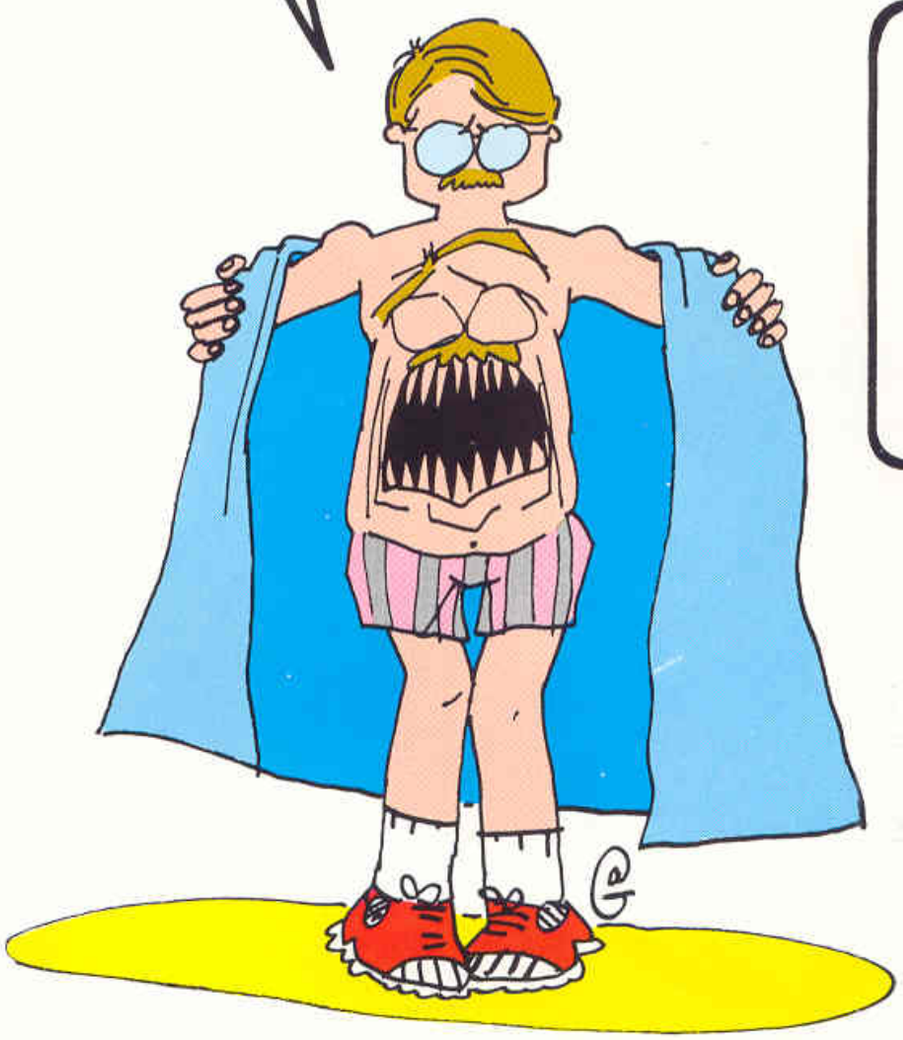
editor
ARCHIE GOODWIN

associate editor
MARGARET CLARK

assistant editor
DANIEL CHICHESTER

consulting editor
JIM SHOOTER

ARCHIE GOODWIN HERE, EDITOR OF MARVEL'S EPIC COMICS LINE. SINCE THIS IS THE LAST ISSUE OF TIME SPIRITS, I'D HOPED TO GET THROUGH THIS EDITORIAL WITH A MEASURE OF DIGNITY. BUT SOMETHING WEIRD HAS HAPPENED. IT BEGAN LAST ISSUE WITH THE START OF OUR SPIRIT-EATER STORYLINE. YOU PROBABLY NOTICED THE EFFECT ON THIS VERY PAGE. OUR MASTHEAD CREDITS FOR WRITER/CO-CREATOR STEVE PERRY AND ARTIST/CO-CREATOR TOM YEATES MYSTERIOUSLY APPEARED AS: DOUG MOENCH AND PAUL GULACY! WELL, EVERYONE KNOWS THOSE ARE THE CO-CREATORS OF EPIC'S EXCITING NEW FOUR ISSUE LIMITED SERIES, SIX FROM SIRIUS II, WHICH IS CURRENTLY AVAILABLE AT YOUR FAVORITE COMICS SPECIALTY STORE! HOW COULD SUCH A THING HAPPEN? HOW COULD SUCH AN EMBARRASSING OVERSIGHT SLIP PAST MY EXPERIENCED EYES? HOW COULD I SLIGHT THE TWO MAGNIFICENT TALENTS WHO MADE THIS BOOK? THE ONLY ANSWER WAS... I COULDN'T. SOMETHING EVIL WAS AT WORK! AND AT LAST I'VE DISCOVERED IT... THE SPIRIT-EATER HAS TAKEN OVER MY BODY! I'M NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR MY ACTIONS! FLEE, GENTLE READER, BEFORE IT GETS YOU! FLEE! FLEE!



ARCHIE... C'MON! OUR READERS ARE TOO INTELLIGENT TO FALL FOR THIS! LISTEN TO YOUR ASSOCIATE EDITOR MARGARET CLARK... THEY CAN TELL THAT'S JUST A DUMB DRAWING ON YOUR CHEST! JUST APOLOGIZE AND ADMIT WE MADE A MISTAKE. AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT... CHANGE YOUR SHORTS.

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CUSICK AND DOOT WENT TO NEPAL AFTER CATCHING SPIRITS DAMNED...
BUT THE LAMA THERE WHO'D GUIDE THEM UPSTAIRS WAS SWITCHED BY A YETI HAND...
INTO THE BODY OF OOOL, A DANGEROUS FOOL, SPIRIT EATER OF THIS LAND.
WHEN OOL FOUND OUT TIMESPIRITS WERE ABOUT, HE KNEW HE MUST EAT THEM TOO...
SO HE WOULD BE FREE ACROSS ETERNITY...
AND THEN WHAT WOULD YOU DO?
NOW, I'M THE ONE WHO STARTED THIS FUN-- I'M SUCH A LITTLE IMP!
BUT THINGS TURNED BAD, AND I'M QUITE SAD...WHEN IT COMES TO COURAGE, I SKIMP!

ON THE MOUNTAIN OF MYTHS
Timespirits
Filet of Soul
YOU'RE HELPLESS HERE, TIMESPIRITS... STOP STRUGGLING! GIVE UP AND LET ME FEED ON YOU SLOWLY.
'AVE TA BE MORE PERSUASIVE THAN THAT! I KNOW YOUR BUSINESS FROM THE INSIDE, AS THEY SAY...
AND WE'D RATHER FIND A TRUE DEATH THAN SEE THE LIKES 'O YOU LOOSE ACROSS TIME AND SPACE.
WE WOULD?
THOMAS YEATES '85
3

NO! NO, YOU STUPID YETI!
CUSICK! GRAB MY...
HOLD THEM! HOLD THEM!
DON'T LET THEM FALL!
HOW HIGH IS THE MOUNTAIN OF MYTHS?

YOU CAN DIVE INTO THE TOP OF THE SKY FROM IT. YOU CAN FREE FALL FOR SECONDS ...MINUTES.

ENOUGH TIME TO PAINT THE SPELL OF STEEL AND HOPE THAT ONCE THEY'VE DROPPED LOW ENOUGH THE KNOWLEDGE WILL WORK AGAIN.

BUT WHAT ARE SECONDS OR EVEN MINUTES TO THOSE WHO CAN EMBRACE ETERNITY?

THE SPELL TOOK EFFECT... IT WORKED, CUSICK!

CUSICK?
...CUSICK...
YOU BETTER BE ALIVE...

YOU LET THEM GET AWAY...
YOU TAKE THEIR PLACE.
THE SPIRIT EATER MUST FEED!
FEED!

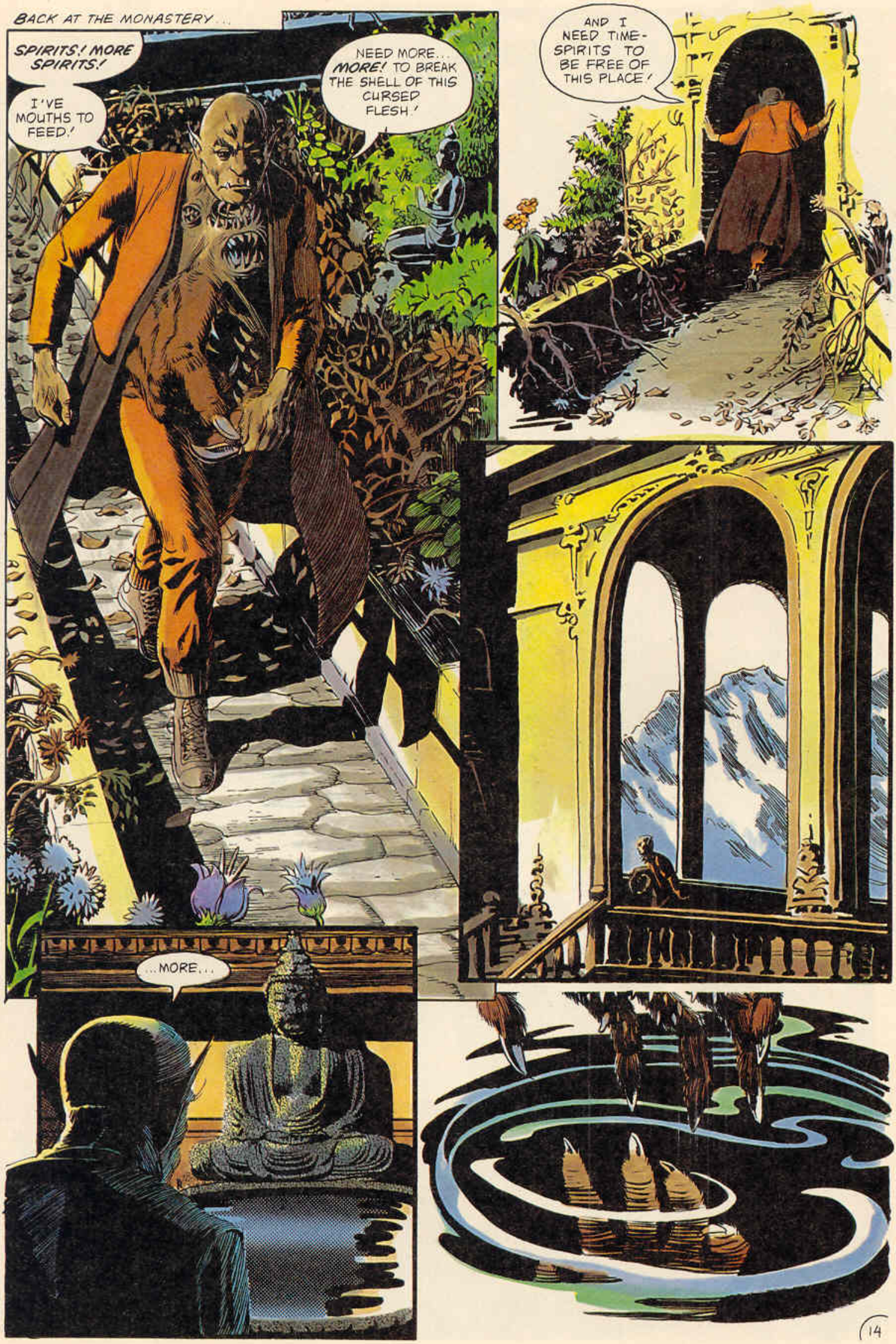
THE MADNESS...
THE MADNESS.
BLESS THE MADNESS FOR THE CONFUSION IT CAUSES. OOOL, THE SPIRIT EATER, SUCCUMBS TO THE BODY, CONFUSED AS TO THE TRUE ESSENCE OF THE LAMA.
HE HAS ALLOWED MY MIND TO STAY IN REFINEMENT, DESPITE THIS FORM.
IT IS THE MIND THAT CONTROLS THE EXTERNAL WORLD INSTEAD OF BEING CONTROLLED BY IT.
AND IT IS THE SPIRIT THAT CONTROLS THE MIND.

I WON'T! I WON'T LET YOU!
DON'T WORRY. I'LL PUT YOU BACK INSIDE...
I'LL PUT YOU BACK...
NO, CUSICK... STAY IN THERE...
STAY IN... PLEASE...

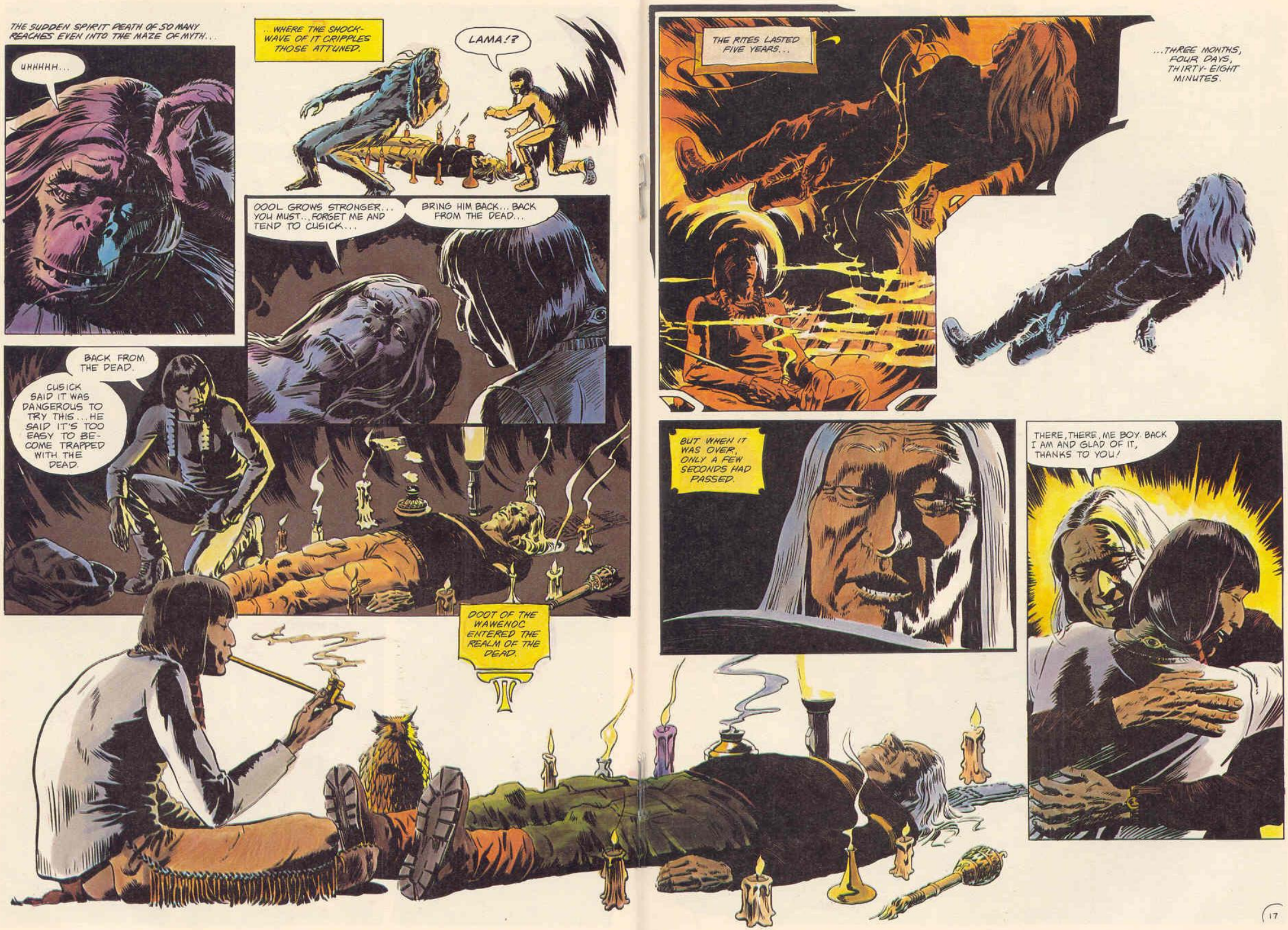
THE TIME SPIRIT...
...MINE...
LIKE SOME SHARK FRENZIED BY THE BLOODSMELL...
THE SPIRIT EATER DIVES FOR THE HELPLESS ESSENCE OF CUSICK THE TUSCARORA...
IN HERE!
INTO THE MAZE OF MYTHS BEFORE HE REACHES YOU!

YOU! YOU INTERFERE?! WITH MY BODY!!!
WHAT IS A BODY BUT MEAT AND BLOOD? A HOUSE FOR THE LIFE ETHER? A FACTORY OF THE CHEMICAL?
SURELY, SPIRIT EATER...
YOU MUST KNOW THE UNIMPORTANCE OF THE PHYSICAL.
YOU, OF ALL CREATURES..
YOU'RE A QUIET ONE, YOUNG TIMESPIRIT. I EXPECTED A TORRENT OF QUESTIONS.

HERE WE ARE... THE CENTER. FROM HERE WE CAN GO ANYWHERE.
GO? WE GO NOWHERE, YETI. WE GO NOWHERE WITHOUT CUSICK...
...WITHOUT CUSICK...
YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.


BACK AT THE MONASTERY...
SPIRITS! MORE SPIRITS!
I'VE MOUTHS TO FEED.'
NEED MORE... MORE! TO BREAK THE SHELL OF THIS CURSED FLESH.'
AND I NEED TIME- SPIRITS TO BE FREE OF THIS PLACE.'
...MORE...

SILVOY
OUTFITTERS


THE SUDDEN SPIRIT DEATH OF SO MANY REACHES EVEN INTO THE MAZE OF MYTH...
UHHHHH...
...WHERE THE SHOCK-WAVE OF IT CRIPPLES THOSE ATTUNED.
LAMA!?
OOOL GROWS STRONGER... YOU MUST...FORGET ME AND TEND TO CUSICK...
BRING HIM BACK... BACK FROM THE DEAD...
BACK FROM THE DEAD.
CUSICK SAID IT WAS DANGEROUS TO TRY THIS...HE SAID IT'S TOO EASY TO BE-COME TRAPPED WITH THE DEAD.
DOOT OF THE WAWENOC ENTERED THE REALM OF THE DEAD.
THE RITES LASTED FIVE YEARS...
...THREE MONTHS, FOUR DAYS, THIRTY-EIGHT MINUTES.
BUT WHEN IT WAS OVER, ONLY A FEW SECONDS HAD PASSED.
THERE, THERE, ME BOY. BACK I AM AND GLAD OF IT, THANKS TO YOU!

THE SUDDEN SPIRIT DEATH OF SO MANY REACHES EVEN INTO THE MAZE OF MYTH...
UHHHHH...
...WHERE THE SHOCK-WAVE OF IT CRIPPLES THOSE ATTUNED.
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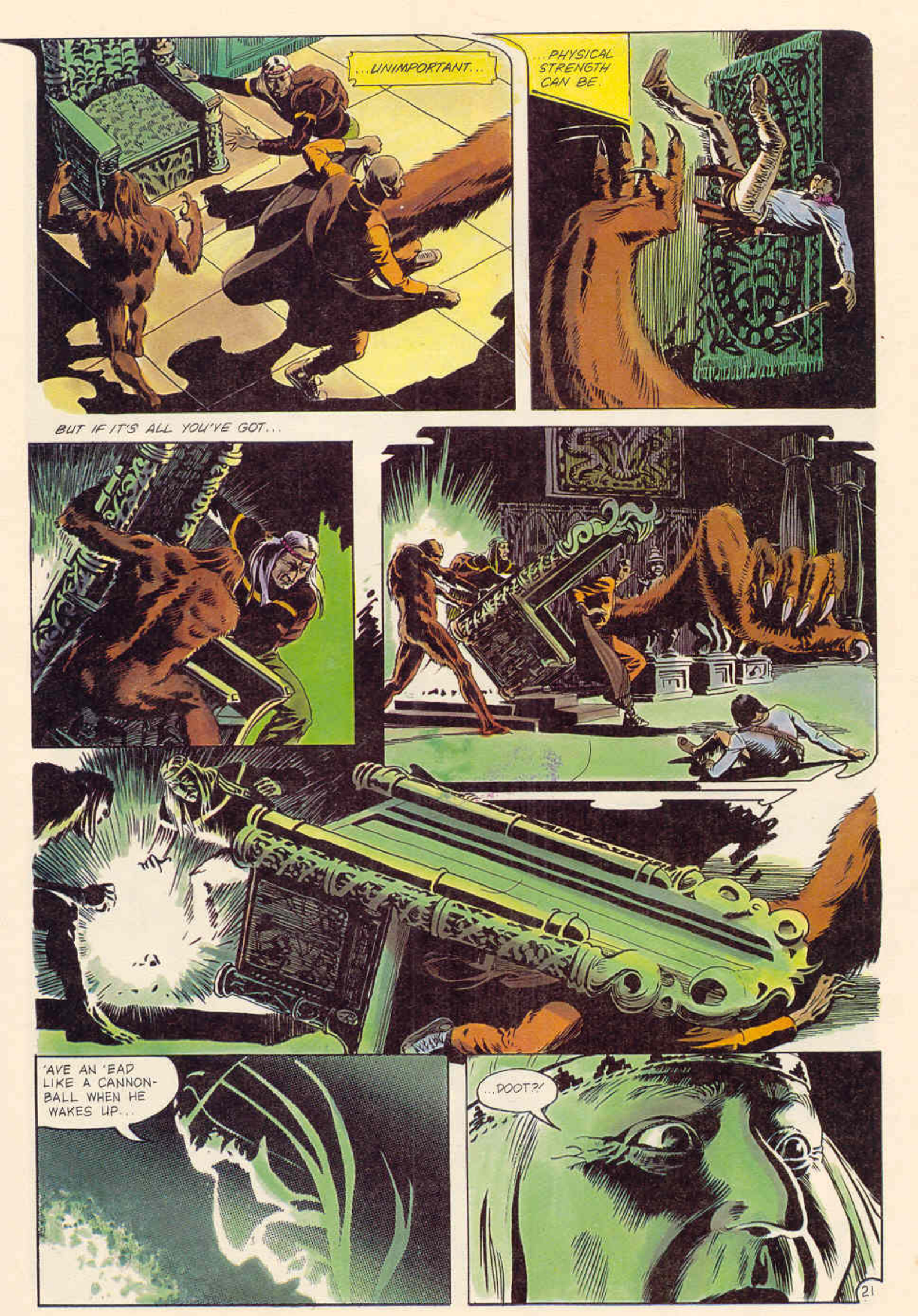
BUT WHEN IT WAS OVER, ONLY A FEW SECONDS HAD PASSED.
THERE, THERE, ME BOY. BACK I AM AND GLAD OF IT, THANKS TO YOU!

I'LL REPAY THE FAVOR SOMEDAY, BUT LET'S JUST HOPE WE NEVER BOTH GO THROUGH THE FIRST DEATH AT THE SAME TIME. BLOODY AWFUL PLACE THERE, WAITING WITH ALL THE OTHERS TO BE REBORN...
CUSICK, WHAT ABOUT LAMA... AND THAT CREATURE, THE YETI SPIRIT EATER...
INTERCONNECTED, THEY ARE! SO IT'LL BE UP TO US, DOOT, TO BUY THE LAMA THE TIME HE NEEDS.
LET'S JUST HOPE THE EATER HASN'T FOUND TOO MUCH TO FEED.
HE GETS STRONGER THE MORE HE STUFFS HIS SELF, YOU KNOW.
OOOL LOLLS FULL OF MALICE AND INDIGESTION ON A DISUSED THRONE. THE BODY OF THE LAMA SERVES HIM WELL, AND HE IS GLAD TO BE FREE OF THE STINKING YETI FORM THAT ENTRAPPED HIM SO LONG.
SOON HE WILL BE FREE OF EVEN THE LAMA'S BODY.
SOON HE WILL DEVOUR THE TIMESPIRIT, AND HE WILL BECOME IT. SOON ALL TIME AND REALITY WILL SET HIS TABLE.
HE EXPELS GAS AND SMILES.

LONG AGO A GREAT KHAN GAVE ME A THRONE. I NEVER USED IT, BUT IN ITS PEDESTAL IS HIDDEN THE NULL GEM, A STONE THAT NULLIFIES NEARLY ALL FORMS OF KNOWLEDGE.
SO IF WE WANT TO PLAY A FEW TRICKS, WE'D BEST...
SMASH THE GEM?
NO, YOUNG TIMESPIRIT, SIMPLY TOUCHING IT WILL BE ENOUGH.
AND THEN, DOOT, ME BOY, POWERS WILL WORK, SPELLS WILL TAKE EFFECT, JUST LIKE THEY DO IN HERE.
AND THEN WE TAKE CARE OF THAT CREATURE.
RIGHT YOU ARE!
TIMESPIRITS... I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.
GOOD TO KNOW A BODY'S WANTED.
OH... I WANT MORE THAN YOUR BODY! MUCH MORE!
I'LL GET IT, TOO.

IT STRIKES OUT LIKE SOME OBSCENE MORAY EEL...
BUT MISSES.
IT REARS UP, HISSING AND GURGLING, READY TO REND THE NEAREST FLESH AND TEAR FREE THE SPIRIT WITHIN.
DOOT OF THE WAWENOC HAS OTHER IDEAS.
HE REMEMBERS THE WAYS OF THE WARRIOR, THE STRENGTH OF BODY AND IRON ENDURANCE PRIDED BY HIS WOODLAND TRIBE OF SO LONG AGO.
IT JUST SHOWS HIM HOW...


...UNIMPORTANT...
...PHYSICAL STRENGTH CAN BE
BUT IF IT'S ALL YOU'VE GOT...
'AVE AN 'EAD LIKE A CANNON-BALL WHEN HE WAKES UP...
...POOT?!

CU...CUSICK?
BY THE ONE ABOVE US... IT GOT 'IM.'
MUST TOUCH THE...
...STONE... THE NULL STONE...
I ATE IT.
IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT, YOU NEVER PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME.

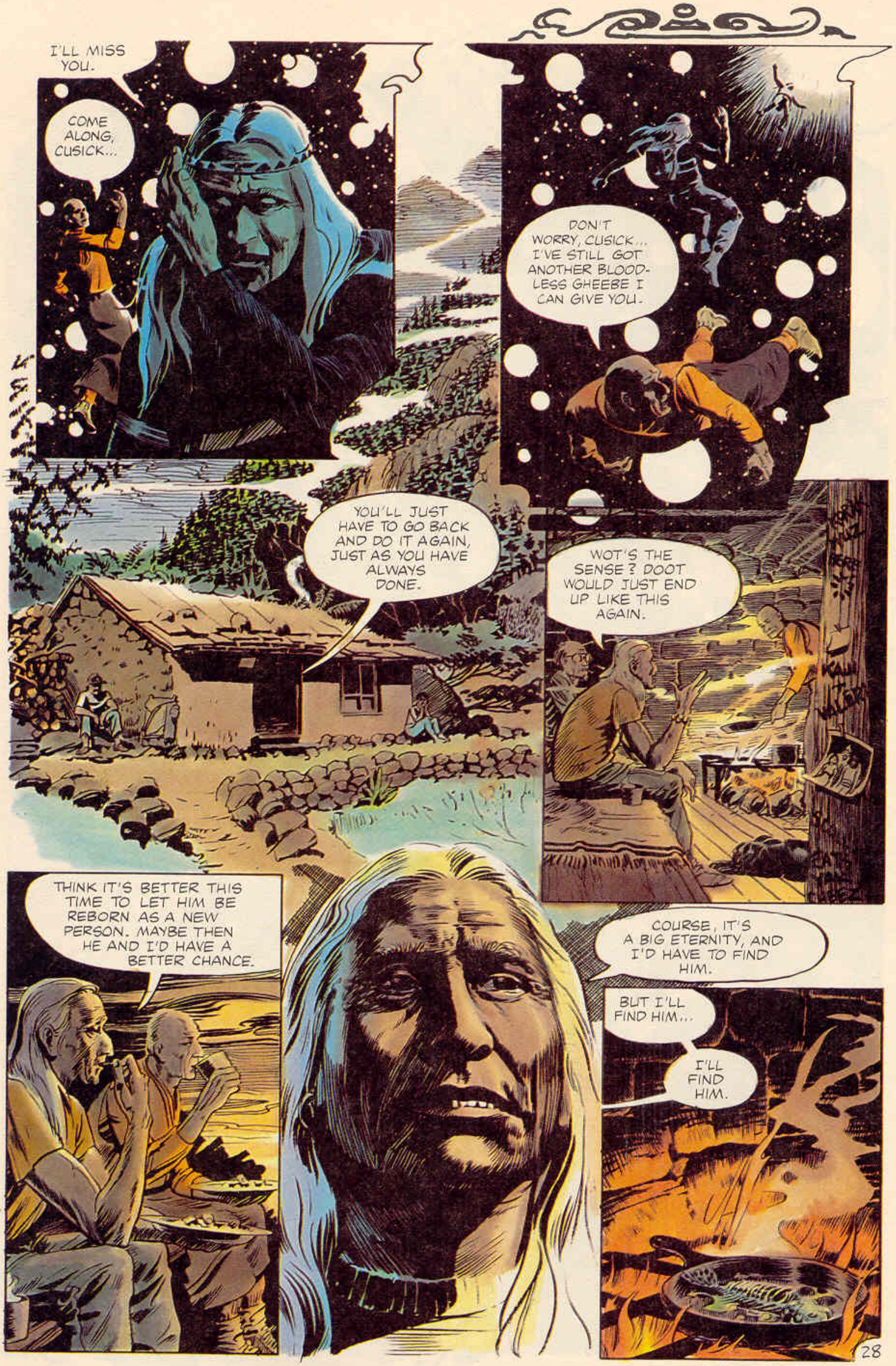
FISH! PLEASE..
YOU CAN'T CATCH ME...
THIS IS NO GAME, YOU BLOODY FISH!
NOT ENOUGH... THE YOUNG TIMESPIRIT WAS NOT ENOUGH.
I WANT YOU, CUSICK! YOUR SPIRIT, THE STRONGEST!
GOT YOU!

THE HAND OF THE YETI, FISH. YOU KNOW WHAT MUST BE DONE.
GUIDE MY HAND, FISH...
A... A YETI HAND...
NOOOOOO!

THE STRUGGLE OF SPIRITS BEGAN...
...AND ENDED IN A HEARTBEAT.
NO FORM CAN SAVE YOU, SPIRIT EATER...
COME WITH ME.
KA-VOOOM

THE 8th MAN KNOWS THE WAY.
HE LEADS THE WAY UPWARDS...
TO THE ONE ABOVE US.

HE WILL TAKE YOU ALL IN, EVEN THE SPIRIT EATER.
THESE TOO, LAMA?
THOSE TOO...
SO THERE'S THE LESSON, DOOT...
I'M SORRY, CUSICK...
HE MUST GO, TOO.
DOOT, ME BOY... I... I...


I'LL MISS YOU.
COME ALONG, CUSICK...
DON'T WORRY, CUSICK... I'VE STILL GOT ANOTHER BLOOD-LESS GHEEBE I CAN GIVE YOU.
YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO GO BACK AND DO IT AGAIN, JUST AS YOU HAVE ALWAYS DONE.
WOT'S THE SENSE? DOOT WOULD JUST END UP LIKE THIS AGAIN.
THINK IT'S BETTER THIS TIME TO LET HIM BE REBORN AS A NEW PERSON. MAYBE THEN HE AND I'D HAVE A BETTER CHANCE.
COURSE, IT'S A BIG ETERNITY, AND I'D HAVE TO FIND HIM.
BUT I'LL FIND HIM...
I'LL FIND HIM.

THE END... FOR NOW...